

# CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

## THE EXPECTATION OF THE WICKED.

A SHORT SERMON.

"The expectation of the wicked shall perish."

Among the prominent traits which distinguish man in the scale of creation, and characterize him in contradistinction to all other animals, may be ranked as first on the list, his dissatisfaction with the *present*, and his expectation of producing by his own exertions and powers, a satisfactory boon or good in the *future*. The Scripture declaration of man, that he *sought out inventions*, goes to the root of the matter at once. This phraseology conveys the idea, that man could not, or did not discover in the broad expanse of creation, and through the various regions of thought and contemplation, the requisite which promised a satisfactory good; and he therefore sought to supply the deficiency, and hew to himself a cistern which should provide the thing, in his estimation, indispensable to happiness. In this particular man differs from all inferior animals. And it involves no paradox to say, that as all inferior animals resemble their predecessors as much by their instinct as by their shape and color, so men of this generation resemble the generations before the Flood, by their superstition and folly, as much as by their other and more general constituent properties.

"The expectation of the wicked," or of mankind universally, until they are enlightened by wisdom from above, must perish, if wrong; and if right must ripen into fruition. There can be no middle ground of conjecture. Modern theology, however, has taught, that by the perishing of the expectation of the wicked is implied the destruction of the wicked themselves, in a *future and endless hell*. Counterfeit coin is made to resemble the true as nearly as the ingenuity of the maker can effect it; and falsehood is intended to resemble truth as much as the fabricator can make it; otherwise the imposition would be too gross to succeed. Now there is some truth in the orthodox dogma, mixed with as much error as the truth can possibly qualify. The expectation of the wicked will most assuredly perish; and the wicked themselves will be destroyed, if the Scriptures declare the truth, and we believe they speak the words of truth and soberness. But the *orthodox toys*, the "future endless hell," is all gratuitous. The Scriptures declare of the destruction of the wicked, that it shall be so entire and complete, that it shall leave them "*neither root nor branch*." It therefore follows, that unless a nonentity can be tormented in a future or endless hell, the hell will be empty and useless, so far as wicked men and women are in question. It is astonishing to observe the quibbling and puerile sophistry of modern zealots. When they attempt to defend some favorite whim in theology, they will receive the most trifling evidence which sophistry can squeeze out of words and phrases, by implication. But when a passage presents a point blank contradiction to their favorite dogma, and declares the contrary in the most unequivocal and forcible language, they will close the book, and drop the controversy until a "more convenient season."

The expectation of the wicked will most assuredly perish. What is the expectation of the

wicked? I answer, and defy successful contradiction and refutation—The expectation of the wicked is, that *evil will produce good* to the evil doer. Look back to the beginning of transgression. See the progenitors of the human family in the garden of innocence, and observe the first expectation that disobedience has generated. The first transgressors knew they were committing an evil—they sought out this invention to procure a good which they imagined was kept from their enjoyment, and the possession of which would add to their pleasures. Cain slew his brother Abel to gratify his envy, and his thirst for revenge. Joseph's brethren sought a remedy for their foolish envy, by selling their brother a slave to strangers. Reader, the three instances, or cases of transgression which I have cited, show conclusively what the wicked expect, and, combined, are an epitome of the world's wickedness from the sin of Adam to his youngest son. In the first case, a supposed good not in possession, was the motive to do evil. In the second case, envy of another's good or well-being. In the third case, resentment of a supposed affront, associated with envious dispositions occasioned the mischief. These persons were wicked. Did their expectation perish? Yes. The expectation of every sinner has perished. The expectation of every sinner will perish. Mankind expect to reap a harvest of profit and pleasure from falsehood, instead of truth—from cruelty, instead of mercy—from violence, and injustice, instead of brotherly kindness, and honesty—from hypocrisy and partiality, instead of impartiality and candor. "Can men gather grapes from thorns? and figs from thistles?" are questions which illustrate my view of this subject. Figuratively, men expect to gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles. Do they find the fruit they expected? No! They find disappointment, and get their fingers pricked. Their disappointment verifies the truth of the Book, which declares, that "they that sow to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption."

The brethren of Joseph sold him to strangers, with the expectation that he would be subjected, for life, to an ignominious servitude, in a far country, that they should be revenged, and gratified, and their wickedness pass undiscovered. God's good providence changed the scene. The cruel brothers are prostrate at the feet of Joseph, and overwhelmed with terror and dismay by the recollection of their wickedness, and filled with dread and apprehension of its consequences. Their expectation perished. Cain's expectations perished; and he became a vagabond on the face of the earth. The first pair, and first transgressors, were disappointed, and driven from the scene of their guilt to reap the consequences of their folly.

Take, for a final, and the most prominent case on record, that of the man Christ Jesus. The Jews put him to death, in the most cruel and ignominious manner, in expectation of arresting the progress of his doctrines, and proving to the world the falsity of his prophetic declarations; to say nothing of gratifying their wicked revenge, excited by the rebukes of Jesus for their hypocrisy. Has the expectation perished? Yes. Christ has risen from the dead, and triumphed o'er the grave. Their Temple and City have borne witness of the truth of Christ's mission for nearly eighteen centuries, when the Jewish

ritual and nation perished together. Verily their expectation perished, and their honors were buried in the dust.

Why does the expectation of the wicked perish? The answer is obvious. The wicked expect impossibilities. Cause and effect are the laws of the Universe. The man who shall expect to gather grapes from thorns, will find that his expectation will perish. Not more so, than will perish the expectation of those who seek for happiness in the way of destruction. The constitution of man's being—the providence of God—the immutable principles of justice and equity in opposition to violence and fraud—the unalterable causes which exist, and the certainty of corresponding effects—and, finally, the judgment of Heaven which requites without partiality and without hypocrisy, according to the merits or demerits of human actions, and in perfect conformity to those laws, and those principles of justice and equity, all combine as a guaranty, that righteousness shall profit man, and exalt a nation, and that the expectation of the wicked shall perish.

Men recognize God's *natural laws*, or the laws which He has ordained for the government of the physical world. No man will undertake to make water run up hill, or to subvert the laws of gravity, or motion; or to deny the influences of atmospheric combinations, and variations of climate; but, strange to tell, there are many who yield their assent to these truths, who appear blind to God's laws which He has ordained in His moral government of the world. Every man has a motive for every voluntary action, and every deliberate decision; whatever may be the matter which concerns him, whether business, or pleasure, honor, or fame. No motive can exist to impel a man to action without expectation being excited, and continually on the look out to seize the promised boon. The murderer, yclept the man of *honor*, enters the field with the expectation of vindicating his reputation, and appeasing the conflicting war of passions which torment him. His expectations perish. Look at the contrast. The easy yoke of Christ, would authorize expectations which cannot perish. If, instead of rushing to the murderous weapon for relief, the party should forgive the injury or insult, and seek for satisfaction in the duties and principles enjoined by the Gospel of Christ, peace would be the result.

It appears that the expectations of the wicked are in opposition to *God's will*. They expect things which are inconsistent with goodness and equity. Some men are so wicked as to expect that God will torment their neighbors endlessly in a place they call hell, and save them, by the exercise of partiality. And this, in opposition to the declaration that it is "God's will that *all* shall be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth." Their expectation is directly opposed to the will of God, and must perish to their shame and confusion.

There are men who believe, or who pretend to believe, that God has decreed the sins, and consequent sufferings to all eternity, of a large portion of mankind; and that the residue are elected without any foresight of faith or good works, moving God to make the selection; and these men expect that they are included in the chosen few to be saved on those principles. So vile and wicked an expectation must perish; for

it is in direct opposition to God's will, and the immutable principles of justice and equity which govern the universe.

There is another strange expectation of a certain class of men in our day, which must perish. Bigots and zealots have united their exertions, and avowed their expectation of converting souls to God, by a new mode of operation; namely, by "protracted meeting," as they are called—by dreadful representations of God—by horrible denunciations against sinners—by false and ridiculous stories or fables—in fine, by a regular siege, and after that, *storming the passions* of men and women by assailing them with frightful descriptions of an imaginary hell and devils, with all the concomitants which minds regardless of truth, and bent upon mischief can conjure from corrupt hearts, and wild imaginations. Reader, the good old Book says, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that publish *good tidings of peace!*" But in view of the vendors of error and falsehood, we must say, How disgustingly ugly and horrible is the appearance of those who publish *false*, and *bad* tidings, and distract the minds of men with their lying fables! How has their expectation perished? They have converted men and women from sanity to insanity—from peace and quietness to raging frenzy—from health to sickness—from being living subjects of God's goodness, to despair and death! Go to the *Lunatic Hospital* for evidence—to the *Charnel House* for proof, that their expectation has perished. Amen. H. F.

#### WHAT ARE WE TO BELIEVE?

We extract the following from the 7th No. of a course of "Short Sermons," now publishing in the Boston Trumpet. Text, Rom. iii, 3, 4.

We now resume the argument in reference to Christ the Savior of men, as we proposed in our last. We here inquire of the objector—do you then grant that he is the Savior of all men—the Savior of the world as the scriptures declare? If so, we assure you that he will save the number of whom he is declared to be the Savior. But, replies the objector, he is not the Savior of any man till he believes. We ask—till he believes what? Why, replies the objector, till he believes that Christ is his Savior—if he believes so, it will be so. Let us understand this—you say *he is not* the Savior of an unbeliever, still he must believe that he is, and that will make him so. Then he must first believe a lie and that will create a truth. This is (as Paul says) "turning the truth of God into a lie." But let us notice the record. "This is the record, God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." Do you grant, that God has given eternal life in Christ to every man? No, says the objector. Very well, then they cannot be called upon to believe it. Finally, says the objector, grant that he has. This being granted, we would ask, whether they will not come in possession of it, if God's promise stands? Certainly. But, replies the objector, it is not theirs, till they believe. Then the record is not true till they believe it; because on this principle, they must first believe, that they have eternal life in Christ before it exists, and believing this lie will create it.

But, replies the objector, it is impossible that any man has eternal life given him in Christ, till he believes. We then ask, what truth do you wish him to believe, so that he may obtain this eternal life? The fact is, there is none. He must believe *this truth*, itself, because it is the *record*; but this, you have taken from him. You cannot call upon a man to believe, till you admit the existence of that *very truth* you wish him to believe. In order fully to expose the inconsistency of this conditional salvation, we will introduce an example. Suppose a father tells his servant, I have a son in London, nine-

teen years of age, who is in poverty and distress. I have given him in my will five thousand dollars, and I promise that it shall be put into his possession in two years. It is recorded and that record is true. Go my servant and proclaim to him these glad tidings of great joy, and call upon him to believe, so that he may enjoy a salvation by faith during those two years of suspense, and be made happy even amidst his wants by looking forward to the day when it shall be put into his possession.

The servant sets out on his mission, and honestly believes that he understands his errand. Being arrived, he addresses him as follows—Son, your father is very rich, and he has not willed you five thousand dollars, nor given it to you on record; and he never will, unless you will *first believe* that he has. But, replies the son, according to your message, if I should believe that he has given me five thousand dollars, I should believe a lie. Let my father first give the money, deposit it in some bank, send me evidence of the fact, and with joy I will believe him. Well replies the servant, you are a disobedient, stubborn unbeliever! because if you would only believe so, it would be so, and you would have the money in two years.

You perceive (dear reader) that this servant has presented no truth for this son to believe. He wishes to give this son the impression that the obtaining of this fortune depends on his *believing*, and not on the *testament, record* and *faithfulness* of his father. In fact, he denies the existence of the father's *will*, and the *record*, and requires the son to believe a lie so as to create the truth. The servant does not understand his message, and the son does not know on what certainty to rest for the money.

In the same manner we are called upon to secure an *interest*—an eternal life in the Savior. They will not admit its existence till we *believe*. Then *belief* must create it. But may we spend our last breath in convincing poor sinners that it is already secured in Christ for them, so that they may believe, and live by faith on the Son of God.

This father sends another messenger. He tells this son of the goodness of his father, and that he has *willed* him five thousand dollars, that the *will* is put on record, and that this fortune will be put into his possession in two years. The son does not believe it. Now he is an unbeliever. But does his unbelief alter the truth of the *will* or of the *record*. No. The certainty of his obtaining the money, rests on the faithfulness of his kind parent. This servant perseveres, uses convincing arguments, and the son at length believes the record, is saved by faith from all his miseries, and rejoices with joy unspeakable. But his *believing* does not make the *record* any more true than it was before he believed it. It simply alters his present condition by kindling in his bosom the joys arising from faith and anticipation. We have now answered the objections that would naturally be brought forward by those who believe that our eternal salvation is predicated on conditions. As *works* are not the requirements of the gospel, only so far as they flow from faith in the truth, and as *faith* must precede works, therefore the truth of our eternal life in Christ, must exist previous to our believing. Consequently all conditions are excluded from the gospel covenant.

FROM THE UNIVERSALIST.

#### THE DEATH BED.

There is a beautiful simplicity in the manners of some of the inhabitants of the small villages on the banks of the Connecticut, which at once excites an interest in the breast of the traveller who from choice or convenience chances to pass a few days in their hospitable mansions.

While enjoying an excursion on the shores of

this delightful river, a slight accident that occasioned a delay of some days, threw me into the bosom of a family, whose urbanity and kindness found ready access to the heart of their guest, and made the otherwise tedious hours of delay pass away in quiet happiness, not equalled by the more splendid, but less heartfelt joys of gayer circles. All can feel, but few describe, the irresistible charm that pervades a domestic circle in which feelings of mutual attachment are daily gaining strength from an affectionate attention to the unbreathed wishes of the heart, for conjugal affections like a delicate plant, struggling up through storm and sunshine, into life and vigor, is nurtured by the thousand nameless assiduities of its cultivator, and appears green and vigorous, or pale and sickly as these attentions are bestowed or neglected.

A principle of lively and ardent piety animated them in all their trials, and crowned the numerous blessings of their thankful hearts.—Though young and inexperienced, they had learned to set a true value on all earthly good, to look on the trials of life as blessings in disguise, and to regard themselves as the recipients of bounties that might be recalled at any moment.

The third evening of my stay in this delightful family was passed in intellectual conversation, and terminated by some interesting remarks on the beautiful simplicity of the moral principles of the New Testament; after which the family joined in singing a hymn, and we separated to enjoy the soothing influence of 'nature's sweet restorer.' Little did our unapprehensive hearts imagine what a change was taking place in our happy circle.

When we assembled in the breakfast room, we were surprised to learn that the devoted husband was laid on a bed of sickness, and that the feverish head and throbbing pulse, gave but too sure indication that disease had laid its withering hand upon him.

Hour after hour did the faithful partner of his sorrows, watch the changing features and listen to the altered voice of her dearest earthly friend. With what eagerness did she anticipate his every wish, and note the changing symptoms of the disease, as if her life, her all, depended on the result! Pale and anxious, she listens to the fitful breathing, or bends her ear to catch the half articulated word.

At length the power of medicine appears to remove the insidious foe that lurks in the secret chambers of the heart. The countenance of the wife brightens, her step becomes stronger, and her heart beats with its accustomed regularity, at the faint prospect of a favorable result.

But specious as are the appearances, the deadly foe is not so easily to be despoiled of his prey. A crisis is coming, and the issue is to be determined.

The morning dawns, but no ray of comfort comes with the light! The high-souled and virtuous man, the pious and devout christian, is drawing to a close of life, is about to render an account to his Maker, and to bid a final adieu to every earthly object.

Where are my children? is the solemn but affectionate inquiry. 'Bring them that I may look upon them and bless them.' With an angelic smile they are welcomed, and the kiss of death is sealed on their young foreheads. Shall I draw aside the veil from this agonizing moment, when the heart-strings are rending asunder? Hear then the low voice of the dying man announce to his beloved wife, that the moment has come when the veil between him and eternity must be rent. The weeping friends involuntarily gather round the bed, to witness the consummation of mortal agony.

All now is over, and the heart has ceased the struggle to perform its functions. But where is the pale sensitive being, who, a few days since, could weep over the trivial misfortunes of her friends? Surely reason must have resigned her

seat in a bosom so much alive to the common sufferings of humanity, when a calamity so overwhelming comes like a flood upon her.

No, she is beside the corse of her husband, but no tear trickles down her colorless cheek! No word of sorrow escapes her quivering lips, grief has dried up the fountains of heart, and among the crowd of weepers she is not known but by the unearthly calmness of her demeanor, the quivering of her lip, and her clasped hands pressed together as if the blood must force itself through the pores. In the midst of her desolation she lifts her voice to her Maker, and implores him to sustain her through the trial that is yet to come.

The hour of burial arrives, and the last sad testimonials of respect are paid to the departed saint.

As we returned from the grave I re-called the happiness of this family when I entered it, the sad change that a few days had made, and in the depth of my soul I exclaimed, is *this* the melancholy conclusion of the life of man? Must he, after a few short hours of mingled happiness and woe, lie down in the grave forever? No. Blessed be God, there is a light shining in darkness, and at the very moment when affliction presses with the most insupportable weight upon the bereaved heart, faith opens the vista of the skies, and pours in a flood of light upon the bereaved soul.

Think not, says she, that your companion is sleeping in unconsciousness; no, while you are weeping over his departure, he is rejoicing with the angels of God, and chanting praises with the seraphim of Heaven.

A little more suffering, a few more trials, and you will be united in a world where there is no severing of the tender ties of friendship, no wounding of the confiding heart by cold looks or unkind expressions.

The society of Heaven has no false friends to mar its changeless bliss. No: there is an altar on which the fire of devotion burns with quenchless splendor, and around which the worshippers bow in unfeigned adoration, saying Allelujah, Lord God Almighty, Allelujah in the highest.

M.

#### A CARD.

The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has consented, in compliance with the solicitations of the proprietor of the "Herald of Freedom," and others, to assist, for a time, in the editorial management of the second volume of this paper, which is shortly to be commenced. The "Gospel Witness," proposed to be published by him in Hartford, will not therefore be issued in the form originally designated, but the *title*, as well as the *spirit* of it, will be preserved by the arrangement now consummated. Those persons who have subscribed for the "Witness," may transfer their subscriptions to this journal, if they please, on the same terms of payment; and the proprietor pledges himself to engage the services of another assistant Editor, if circumstances should hereafter arise which would make it necessary for the subscriber to withdraw his assistance. Upon the strength of this pledge, and the probability that we may continue our labors for a considerable period, we do most cordially invite all those who have kindly tendered their patronage to the "Witness," to transfer their support to the "Herald," which has heretofore been the able and uncompromising advocate of liberal principles; thus offering a sure guarantee of its future course being such, as will be approved by all who are friendly to religious toleration and the unalienable rights of man, and who are opposed to ecclesiastical tyranny and misrule. As the proprietor of the Herald has determined to withhold from his columns, for the future, those local matters which have, in some degree, detracted from the general interest and

utility of his journal in remote sections, we are persuaded that a liberal and discerning public will duly appreciate and properly encourage his efforts to establish in this community that foe of all tyrants—a *free press*. The communications we shall steadily make through the columns of the Herald, will bear the initial A. For the sentiments therein contained, we shall of course be in all cases responsible.

The public's obedient servant,  
L. F. W. ANDREWS.

#### SLANDER AGAIN REFUTED.

By a reference to the 39th number of the Messenger, it will be seen by the reader that we published an article, which we found in the Baptist Repository of this city, giving an account of an "awful death" which happened in Denmark, Lewis Co. N. Y. The Editors of the Magazine and Advocate, Utica, have received the following communications on the subject. They effectually expose the slanderous intent of the article in question. We wish the reader would turn to the first, and compare it with those below, and he can readily perceive what means are resorted to by some of our limitarian brethren, to bring even a temporary reproach upon our denomination, for they must be sensible it can be only temporary.

"Boonville, Sept. 8, 1832.

Messrs. SKINNER and GROSH—The inclosed I had from the hand of Mr. Brown, who had every means of knowing the facts and circumstances of which he writes. He is principal of the Academy at Denmark—is a man of undoubted truth and veracity, and consents that the account be published with his signature. You will do us a favor to publish the same.

LORIN MILLER.

Denmark, August 27th, 1832.

DEAR SIR—You requested information of me concerning Mr. Aaron Kitts, late of this town, who was killed last spring by a fall from a tree. The following statement of the facts in relation to him, which were derived, partly, from my own observations during the time of my acquaintance with him, which was about two years, and partly from the observations of his neighbors who had known him from his youth, may be relied on as authentic.

Mr. Kitts was a man who did not possess an extraordinary degree of intelligence; he was once, however, an industrious and thriving mechanic, a member of the Baptist church in this place, and I believe he was always considered as heart an honest man. He became intemperate and unhappy in his family, was expelled, or set aside from the church, not for entertaining heretical notions, or disbelieving the articles of faith adopted by that church; but for irregularity of conduct. As these irregularities increased upon him, his fits of inebriety were followed by spells of temporary derangement; during which he manifested much zeal, would say a great deal, but appeared to have no settled notions concerning religion. It was during one of these spells of temporary derangement, that he ascended a poplar tree in order, as he said, to preach; the limb on which he stood gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground; his neck being broken, he expired instantly. I do not know what conversation passed between him and his wife, or between him and any of the rest of his family; he was not, however, a member of the Universalist church, nor a leading member of any society. He would frequently, when deranged, or in his cups, say a great deal about religion, but his language was incoherent, and no one regarded what he said. Nor was he, as I can learn, a subject of any modern revival, though I learned he had attended such meetings. I do not know, however, that they had the least effect upon him. I regret exceedingly, on account of the feelings of

his family, that his name should be called before the public; "that his frailties should be drawn from their dread abode." Nor would I be drawn into the list of religious controversy myself without the greatest reluctance. The information I have given you was received from men of veracity; some of them were *Presbyterians*, some *Baptists*, and some belonged to no religious society. All of them made pretty much the same statement.

I am, dear sir, with great esteem, yours,  
CHAS. BROWN.

To Lorin Miller, Esq."

To the above, Br. Skinner of the Magazine has annexed some remarks of his own. We have room for only the closing paragraph, as follows:

"There is one particular, however, one too, that is well substantiated, which we cannot pass unnoticed. It is this: Mr. Kitts became intemperate and a ruined man while he was a member of an Orthodox church, and his Orthodoxy was never called in question till long after his excommunication. Query. Did Orthodoxy lead him to intemperance and ruin? If it did not, what did? It is certain it did not save him from it. If it did lead him to it, is it not equally as probable that it led him to insanity and his tragic death, as it is certain that the soul-withering doctrine of election and reprobation has led hundreds of others to insanity and suicide? Might we not here justly retort the language of the Orthodox writer, and ask, "Reader, are you intemperate? Are you a Calvinist? Ponder well these facts." In conclusion, we beseech the Orthodox, if they have not entirely lost all self-respect and regard for public opinion, to abstain hereafter from such disgusting and disgraceful publications as that which we have now been called on to notice and refute."

#### GENERAL CONVENTION.

The forty-sixth Annual Session of the General Convention of the Universalists for the New-England States, was holden at Concord, on the 18th and 19th ult. Br. Hosea Ballou, of Boston, was chosen Moderator, and Brs. T. F. King and Hosea Ballou, 2d, Clerks. Forty-nine Clergymen were present. Twenty-four from Massachusetts, eleven from New-Hampshire, seven from Vermont, six from Maine, and one from New-York. The subject of a General Convention for the United States was fully discussed, though no definite steps were taken in the business. The number of Clergymen within the New-England States, in fellowship with the Convention is estimated at one hundred and fifteen. In addition there are twelve within the same limits, belonging to the order of Restorationists. The Convention adjourned to meet in Strafford, Vt. on the third Wednesday and Thursday in September, 1833.

The Western Reserve Association met at Newbury, Ohio, Sept. 9th, 1832. Brs. John Bowyer, Moderator, and Nathan Rice, Clerk. Conferred ordination on Br. N. Wadsworth. Five Discourses were delivered by Brs. N. Wadsworth, E. De Wolf, J. Bowyer. Adjourned to meet at Olmstead, Cuyahoga Co. October 27th, 1832.

By a letter from Br. T. Fisk to the Editor of the Inquirer, we learn that a young man, by the name of Henry Boyer, of Reading, Pa. who has been at New-Haven for a time past, has just commenced preaching, with prospects of usefulness.

A Universalist Society has recently been organized in Granby, Conn. One in Wardsborough, and one in Halifax, Vt.

The second Congregational Society of North Bridgewater, Mass. has recently changed its character from Unitarianism to Universalism.

## THE EXPLORER.

*From nature's work to nature's God.*

I wandered far away from the monotonous city, my errand to explore the haunts, where nature escapes the monopolizing touch of man. The world had troubled me because I had entered too deeply into it. I had caught the fever of ambition, and aspired to the difficult fame of the intellectualist. But a weariness came over me, for I had left the peaceful paths where God had planted my footsteps, and whence I once thought I never could stray. But human strength, what is it? Justly might I have been suffered to forsake forever the right way, but my gracious Father drew away the veil that blinded me to my real good, and I thought it would calm my saddened spirit, and draw away my soul from vanity to seek my God in the midst of his noble works.

And I went on, wandering over my own inconsistency, yet remembering that he who died for sinners pitied the weaknesses of his creatures, nor would he fail to "raise the fallen" and establish those who came unto him in believing contrition for past sins—A lofty mountain arrested my gaze; I looked, and far as eye could reach, similar mountains reared their majestic heads, so high that the clouds of heaven curtained around them. Their sides were lined with trees of many fantastic shapes, and their lengthened shadows reposed upon the calm blue lake, murmuring at their base. A kind of disappointment disquieted my breast, when I found that in the valleys of these mountains were the habitations of men, but it was evanescent. White cottages were scattered here and there each with its little inclosure of fruits and flowers. All was tranquil and lovely. The honey-suckle climbed each lowly roof, forming a beautiful contrast with the white walls, flowers of every hue, lifted their beautiful heads to breathe the freshness of the morn, wafting their incense far and near, while birds of brilliant plumage warbled their sweetest strains making hill and valley echo with their music. I thought of that ambitious spirit which had ere long been mine, and was ashamed. At every few steps the shepherds and shepherdesses of these rural haunts were to be seen, some under the shades of trees, wreathing floral crowns for their sheep, whilst others with their crooks were recalling the straying flock. And I thought how I had strayed from the fold and mead of immortal garlands, and grieved that I should have been seeking the wreaths which perish while yet ready for the brow. At intervals the merry shout of laughter loving children resounded through the air, as they whiled away the morning on the banks of a limped stream which found its way through the valley. And I asked myself wherefore was it, I had ever forgotten there was a deceiver called false happiness, and why I had been ensnared by his devices, and I looked in thankfulness to him who had led me to gather a lesson of humility from the lowly valley and its peaceful tenants.

Leaving the sweet sequestered spot, I continued my walk through a winding path in the mountains. Here the thick pine and cedar formed an agreeable shade from the rays of the sun, and at intervals small springs gushing from the rocks, communicated a refreshing coolness. I lingered here long, for I could behold nature in all her wildness. Craggy rocks hung far above my head, and trees whose trunks bore evidence of time's devastating hand, grew from the clefts, while as if in compassion to this rugged scene, the wild rose sprung up, even as hope, christian hope, springs up in the heart to cheer the hour of affliction and desolation.

On leaving the wood, a spot as interesting as it was unexpected burst upon my sight. In a small enclosure around which the willow raised its mournful branches, I perceived a few little graves, those of some of the former inhabitants of the lovely valley I had left. A waterfall was

the only sound which seemed in any degree to break in upon the pensiveness which naturally stole upon the heart at this moment. It was long ere I left this spot where I read the humble inscriptions on the tomb stones, which though "spelt by the unlettered muse," were to me fraught with far deeper interest than the monumental marble, the pompous inscriptions which grace the graves of the great of this world. Again, I descended where all was wild and romantic, where rocks, trees, and hills found a common home, with the lake which hitherto lost, now burst upon my view. Far beyond, where a distant chain of hills bound the prospect, the dwellings of the wealthy appeared, and the gilded vane of many a church glittered in the sunbeams, which shining o'er the lake gave it a most dazzling brilliant appearance. The fisherman hung out his line, and the oar of the solitary boatman flashed through the long stream of light, unless where approaching the mountains, his slight barge moved through the shadows on the waters. Every thing seemed combined to enchant me. Here was infinite theme for the pencil of the painter or the pen of the enthusiastic poet, for him who admires nature merely for herself, or for him to whom, the "still small voice" whispers "Behold the master hand which designed the whole." And I pitied him who though ravished by the beauties of the tree, herb, and flower, bewildered by the glories of the meridian sun, and touched with self-complacent pensiveness, at the loveliness of the stellar firmament, could go no farther; who had no heart, eloquent with praise and gratitude to the Creator, no voice in earth's chorus of thanksgiving. Again, I looked within, and wondered at my infatuation in for a moment building happiness on my own foundation, instead of seeking it in God's appointed way. I forgot Earth and her scenes hallowed with loveliness, in the contemplation of his greatness, his love, his tender mercy, or remembered them, but as they led me to say in the poet's language, "My Father made them all." What now were vain delights? Nothingness! And what were intellectual pleasures alone? What the world, its cavern mines of knowledge, its pillows of ambition, its triumphal arches, its temples of fame, its all of which it boasts—all nothingness—I turned away, and reflected that nothing was worth enjoying here, but what led to the contemplation of nobler enjoyments in a world, the flowers and honors of which are unfading—but what makes us shun the joys that last the brief space of four-score years and ten. The closing eye then shuts out forever all here delighted in, and what is left to him who has no treasure above?—Farewell vain world—I have learned a lesson from thee. Be it mine to bless the guiding hand of an Almighty parent, mine to live in hope, through faith in my Redeemer, to walk humbly through this probationary existence, redeeming the time because the days are evil."

## FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

Messrs. EDITORS—I observe in your last number a piece signed Z. G. on which I wish to make a few remarks. I pass over the writer's comment upon Dr. Clarke's view of the foreknowledge of contingencies, in which I think, however, he shows very clearly, that both he and Dr. Clarke work on a wrong foundation. The writer asks, "If God be ignorant of any future events, how can I pray in faith for any thing?" Now I would ask, if God knows and determines all future events, how can any man pray for any thing? If God has determined "his ship" shall be lost, how can he pray that she may return. In fact, if the doctrine of Divine Sovereignty and absolute Decrees be true, what has any man to pray for.

I think it may clearly be seen that Z. G.'s as well as Dr. Clarke's difficulty lies at the root of

his system. If the doctrine of Divine Sovereignty and absolute Decrees be true, as they are commonly understood, then every thing is right. Z. G. is right, when he calls that which lies at the root of all the orthodox systems a fundamental error, and the orthodox are right when they pronounce Z. G.'s system a fatal error. They all are under the influence of absolute Decrees, and those decrees are the will of him whose tender mercies are over all his works—of him who is good to all, and of course (whatever may be said to the contrary,) the real truth is, there is no error; for God cannot err, and according to the absolute Decree's system, all actions are His actions. The great difficulty about this system is, nobody believes it. Z. G. I think does not believe that Dr. Clarke's error is the result of infinite wisdom. If he does, I should hardly think he would find fault with it.

On the subject of future misery, Z. G. is perhaps more under the influence of the orthodox than he is aware. The orthodox teach that men are driven into hell by the Lord, and Z. G. does not seem to have an idea of any other hell or misery but that which is inflicted by the Lord; and so believing it inconsistent with his goodness that men should be doomed to eternal misery, he rejects the doctrine of future or endless misery. This is not the first time sensible men have been led astray by false teachings of the orthodox. The scribes and pharisees taught that the Messiah should restore to the Jewish nation their independence, and so when Herod was informed that the Messiah was come, he issued his orders to slay all the children of two years old and under. Had Herod known that the kingdom of Christ was not of this world, what possible motive could he have had for his conduct. But he was misled by the orthodox of that day, and so I think is Z. G. by the orthodox of this day. They teach that hell proceeds from the Lord, and Z. G. and other sensible, and I hope well meaning men, taking it for granted that if there is any, it must proceed from him, go to work Herod like to slay the doctrine.

The truth is, although perhaps men are not in a state to receive it, hell does not proceed from the Lord. "Malice and rage are fires of hell"—do these come from the Lord? Has Z. G. ever been angry with his neighbor? Did he suppose it inconsistent with the goodness of God that he should be permitted to have his own way and create a hell in his own breast. When we are under the influence of love to the Lord and our neighbor, we feel that we are acting from the Lord, but can any man, did ever any man feel that he was acting in agreement with the spirit of the Lord, when he was under the influence of hatred towards his neighbor. Are not all men in hell who do not love the Lord and their neighbor; and will not all such remain so until they do love the Lord and their neighbor? Will the Lord ever compel men to love him? If such a thing were possible, would men be any better or happier on that account?

Is it the will of the Lord that men should love him at any one time more than another? Is he not changeable if it is so? If it is not so, may not men continue to hate him—to hate one another—to be under the influence of malice and rage, and so live in hell forever. Is it more inconsistent with the nature of God that men should be permitted to hate him at one time than another? If it is consistent with his nature now, will it not always be so? Under this view of the subject, I can see nothing in the existence of endless wickedness and of course of endless disorder and unhappiness, more inconsistent with the nature of a Benevolent and Holy God, than I see in their existence now, and their existence now is also abundantly evident. "And blasphemed the God of heaven because of their pains and their sores and repented not of their deeds," Rev. xvi, 11.

HERETIC.

## CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

EDITED BY T. J. SAWYER AND P. PRICE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1832.

\*. In answer to the numerous inquiries, we would observe that the senior Editor, Br. Sawyer, is expected to return from his visit to the Eastward, so as to occupy his desk in the Orchard-street Church on the 4th Sabbath of this month. In compliance with the wishes of friends in New-London and Norwich, Conn. he has made arrangements to stop at those places on his return, and preach the 2d and 3d Sabbath, on exchange with Br. N. Dodge who will supply his desk here.

P.

## A REQUEST.

We have concluded to insert the following, (to us,) important request, and continue it through the remaining numbers of this volume, viz:

That each of our subscribers in the city, (and we would not even care to confine it here,) feeling an interest in the cause we advocate, would exert himself to the utmost, in procuring us one or more additional subscribers. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

## HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.

We last week took the opportunity of visiting Hightstown, to be present at the meeting of the Philadelphia Association, and it is needless to say that we were highly gratified in the visit, not only as regarded our individual enjoyment, but in view of the evident prosperity of our common cause. In this place we have many worthy and zealous brethren, several of whom we had the pleasure of an introduction to, for the first time. Ten or twelve of them have journeyed with us through the year (which is now nearly closed,) of our editorial labors, as readers of our paper, and our gratification was thereby not a little enhanced in being permitted to meet them face to face.

There was little business before the Association, other than a friendly interchange of inquiries and feeling in regard to our general prosperity, and that little was done in great harmony and satisfaction. The religious exercises, were attended with, not a very large, but respectable audience, and judging from appearances, were listened to with joyful interest. On Wednesday afternoon we were much gratified in listening to, for the first time, an eloquent discourse from Br. A. C. Thomas, on the text, "What is Truth?" and although he was called upon that afternoon unexpectedly, the discourse was all we had ever been led to anticipate from that able and zealous brother. In the evening we listened to Br. Andrews, and on Thursday forenoon to Brs. Hillyer and Andrews, and we know not when we have been better entertained. We regret to say that the feeling of bigotry and exclusion, so common towards our denomination, was exhibited there by our limitarian friends, in refusing their houses of worship, and the meetings were therefore necessarily held at private houses. And thanks to the steady march of our benign religion, there were an abundance of these opened to us, accompa-

nied with open hearts and hands. A friend very pleasantly observed that "their meeting houses were denominated 'houses for Public worship,' but he should think they would be much better known by the term, 'houses for Private worship.'"

Application was made, before the session, for the Methodist meeting-house, which was refused, and on Wednesday afternoon, Brs. Thomas and Hillyer, with two or three other brethren, called on Mr. Henry, the Presbyterian clergyman at Cranberry, 3 or 4 miles distant, for the privilege of his Pulpit, but Mr. H. finally concluded it would not do for him to countenance in the least, what he conceived to be dangerous heresy; and his house was also refused. How much better it would have been, if the doctrine is so very absurd, to have let our friends occupied his desk; to have invited his congregation generally to attend, and then to have gone on and faithfully exposed the absurdity of our views. In this way the error, if any, might have been exploded, while the deformity of it was fresh in the mind; or it would even explode itself. Our brethren who called on Mr. H. express themselves gratified with the early part of their visit, but in the latter part, they complain of experiencing conduct unbecoming the gentleman and the christian. And they cannot but think Mr. H. needed much of the virtue implied in the following injunction—"In patience, possess ye your soul."

To our friends in Hightstown we would say, if ye long remain without a House, the fault is wholly your own. You have abundant means to erect one immediately. You need only to make a beginning and the work will soon be done. One individual, we were informed, would give the ground; another the timber, and another remarked to us he would give \$150. It requires but few donations like these to put up a respectable and commodious house. Brethren, suffer not the opportunity to go by. Commence the work immediately, and the God of salvation will crown it with success.

P.

## PURPOSES OF PUNISHMENT.

It is often remarked that even great men sometimes apply to the solution of particular cases, general principles, which, if carried out to their legitimate ends, must result in the total subversion of some of their most cherished opinions. In relation to no point of religious faith is this more observable than that of endless misery; for we hazard nothing in the assertion that there is not a christian on earth who entertains this opinion, who does not at the same time, acknowledge and employ on other subjects principles, which if applied to this would effectually overthrow it.

Our attention was drawn to this subject by a paragraph pointed out to us in the works of the late Rev. Robert Hall. He was treating of strict communion, as held by Baptists, and took occasion to view the exclusion of christians from the Lord's table as a kind of punishment inflicted for error in opinion or practice. In this connexion he observes that,

"The infliction of every species of punishment is out of place, which has no tendency to

reform the offender, or to benefit others by his example; which are its only legitimate ends. Whatever is beside these purposes, is a useless waste of suffering, equally condemned by the dictates of reason and religion."

Now we wish to ask the admirers of this great man, whose memory we all honor, how it is possible to reconcile the doctrine of endless punishment or misery with this sentiment? If the only legitimate ends of punishment are to reform the offender, or to benefit others by his example, will any man be so good as to point out either of these purposes in the infliction of ceaseless torments?

If Mr. Hall is to be believed in this assertion, (and where is the man who dares contradict it?) endless punishment is a solecism. The day is passed when christians pretended that the torments of hell would increase the bliss of heaven. It is no longer believed that men made perfect in the paradise of God can be benefitted by the example of human sufferings in a lake of fire beneath them. No other purpose remains for the infliction of punishment except the reformation of the offender. But this reformation is impossible, provided the punishment be endless.

The case is plain that if God makes any man endlessly miserable, it must be an act of unqualified revenge, since it is intended to produce incalculable evil to the sufferer, but no good to any being in the universe.

S.

## "THE EXPLORER."

On our 4th page, will be found an article under the above title, from the Christian Intelligencer, a limitarian paper of this city. With the exception of one or two expressions, we are pleased with it—such for instance, as our being "justly suffered to forsake forever the right way," and our passing "through this probationary existence." These are terms, in their ordinary use, which, with all our examination, we cannot comprehend. We see not why a "gracious Father" may not be equally pleased to withdraw the "veil" that blinds one daring sinner, as well as another; and if the "unveiling" of one will add to his glory, this glory must be infinitely heightened in restoring the whole. We could wish that men would ever "look through nature's work up to nature's God," in preference to viewing Him through the contracted and sordid creeds of man. No one can retire from a contemplation of His perfections through the former medium, without chastened and elevated feelings—without renewed confidence in His enduring goodness and mercy, and feelings of kindness and compassion towards mankind. The "still small voice" will indeed bring the consoling exhortation, "behold the master-hand which designed the whole," crowned with the joyous conviction to our own minds, "My Father made them all." We wonder that our limitarian friends can ever contemplate scenes like those in question, and then turn and again clasp to their bosoms the chilling doctrines of their creeds—or view in prospect, with such apparent composure, the eternal anguish of their fellows, and that anguish inflicted too, by this same benevolent and gracious Father. The unerring Record of Truth assures us that it is "the goodness of God," which "leadeth us to repent-

ance," and if he is good now, he must ever remain the same, and this very goodness will subdue every foe. We regard it next to impossible for an individual to retire to a serious contemplation of "nature's works," with the revealed character of their "Master-builder," and not experience a demonstration of the position, "the goodness of God leadeth us to repentance." And it is a kind of repentance, too, which for the time at least, will grasp in the whole universe of man. We may cite the article in question. It breathes a spirit throughout, totally at war with the sentiment that consigns myriads of the intelligent offspring of a God of Love to scenes of ceaseless anguish. Would to God the impressions were more general and lasting. P.

#### SINGULAR PARADOX.

That the female sex is possessed of finer sensibilities and stronger affections than our own, is scarcely to be doubted. There is a depth and strength and fulness in a mother's love—there is a purity and excellence in a sister's affection, to say nothing of the tenderness and devotion of a wife, which our own sex can appreciate, but, perhaps never feel. Woman sympathizes more readily with the sufferings and sorrows of humanity, and sickens sooner at the tale of woe.

Yet singular as it may seem, we are still compelled to acknowledge that the female sex is far more ready (we would hardly say willing) to believe in the popular doctrine of endless misery—a doctrine which consigns multitudes of their fellow beings, their friends, and some even of their own families to a state of misery, which knows no alleviations and no end. Yes, woman, whose soul is alive to human sufferings, who faints at the sight of blood, and sheds her tears over the fictions of a novelist, can apparently contemplate without emotion scenes of misery at which devils might weep.

That much the larger portion of our popular churches are composed of females, will not be denied. That many of the popular schemes for advancing the interests of the prevailing sects are supported and carried on through the influence of females, is likewise unquestionable. Their aid is first solicited, in every project of the present day, designed to build up and diffuse what are miscalled *evangelical* doctrines. Are tracts to be distributed, a female hand is sought to bear the "winged messengers" to the places of their destination. Is a garment to be provided for the "missionary," female charity must yield the needed boon.

If we ask the ultimate object of all these labors, it will be found that an important part of it is to spread and impress the shocking dogma, that millions and millions of the human race shall be endlessly wretched—a dogma surpassing in horror, any thing imagination can conceive, and from which, we should think a mother's or sister's heart would revolt. We know the full power of faith, and the influence of prejudice. We know that it is possible for the human mind to cling with almost unyielding tenacity to some dear delusion, some cherished hope. We know there are instances enough of this kind on record to justify the following lines of Moore,

—“Oh the lover may  
Distrust the look that steals his heart away;  
The child may cease to think that it can play  
With heaven's rainbow; Alchemists may doubt  
The shining gold their crucible gives out;  
But faith, fanatic faith, when wedded fast  
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.”

But while this is acknowledged in relation to some 'dear falsehood,' we know not how to account for the deathless attachment which thousands and thousands of human beings, and among them multitudes of females, manifest to the doctrine of endless punishment. This is no dear falsehood. It is one that comes to a

heart of sensibility with the chill of death. It carries misery with it wherever it goes.

We might pursue the subject. It is one of deep interest, and particularly to Universalists. But we leave it for the present by asking the question, why is it that females of tender and affectionate hearts, reject so generally the doctrine of Universalism, so suited to their best and holiest feelings, and hug to their bosoms its opposite which must render them either insensible to human suffering; or wretched forever? S.

#### “THE WORK TO BE FINISHED.”

“When the temperance reformation shall have been accomplished—which result we should be anticipating at no very distant day, a great mountain will have been removed from the highway of the Lord, and his chariot wheels will roll with unobstructed and resistless velocity throughout the world.”

We find the above in a late Limitarian paper. The manner in which some of the friends of modern Temperance, propose “finishing the work” spoken of above, may be learned by a reference to our columns of August 25th. It will there be seen that at a meeting of the American Temperance Society, it was proposed to send an agent to England, who was to receive some appointment there, and go over Europe, and “effect a combination against the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits,” “among the different governments, similar to that which declares the slave trade to be piracy; let the traffic in ardent spirits be declared to be piracy, AND TREATED AS SUCH: every distiller deemed a land pirate, and every retailer the follower of pirates, and THE WORK WILL BE DONE.”

We would suggest to them the propriety of including the consumer, even of ever so small a portion of the article, and then every obstacle might be said to be “removed from the highway of the Lord.” Let the manufacturer, vender, and consumer all be jibbited, and verily, the “WORK” would “BE FINISHED,” with a vengeance!—We are friends of Temperance—we know not but the above sentiments may be in accordance with Christianity, but really we cannot discern any of the benevolence of the Gospel of Christ therein. P.

#### DAY OF THANKSGIVING.

The suggestion of a day of Public Thanksgiving among Universalists for the rapid spread of their doctrine, made by us in the 44th number of the Messenger, we perceive has been favorably noticed by most of our publications, and formally recommended by some Associations. The time designated (1st Sabbath in Nov.) appears also to be approved of. We hope it may be generally observed, and devoted to a Review of the astonishing progress of our sentiments, since their first promulgation, in this country particularly. This could not but be pleasing and profitable to our friends generally. And there would be something joyous in the consideration, that a whole people, (as numerous as our friends now are in this country,) were going up to the Temple of the Lord, on his appointed day, to offer up with one voice and one accord, to the bountiful Giver of every good, the aspirations of grateful hearts for the innumerable blessings which have been and still are showered upon them.

One or two of our editorial brethren seem rather to object to this “observance of days,” fearing, apparently, that we may assimilate too much to the “fashion of the world.” No one can be more sincerely opposed to a mechanical religion than ourselves, or the introduction of innumerable feast days and fast days to the evident violation of the spirit of the command, “six days shalt thou labor,” &c. But the prop-

osition in question we regard different; it occurs on a regular and customary day of worship. It is called a *day of thanksgiving* it is true, but not in the common acceptance of that term. We certainly hope it may literally be a *day of rendering up of thanks*—not of *feasting*. Not a day to go into the temple of the Lord, to tell him what an hard Master he has been—“reaping where He has not sowed”—and retiring thence to riot on the bounties of His Providence. But a day, in truth and sincerity, in which we may enter “his gates with singing, and his courts with praise.” P.

#### FORM OF PAMPHLETS.

In a late number of the Magazine and Advocate, Br. Grosh has called attention to the form of Pamphlets, publishing in our order. We approve of the form selected by him, (duodecimo;) indeed we have had some previous conversation with him on the subject, and we think it highly important there should be as much uniformity in size as possible. Innumerable pamphlets are now circulating in our denomination, which if preserved and bound in Book form, would go down to posterity with nearly all the interest and usefulness which now mark their circulation. Even with the present variation in size, we have collected together in the course of a few years, two or three good sized octavo volumes of Sermons, &c. and had them bound. They are not all, however, precisely confined to Universalism. We have *Orthodoxy*, and what would be regarded by many, we suppose, *Heterodoxy*, bound up together, and we have never found them to quarrel within the same lids. And however singular it might appear to some of our Limitarian friends, we derive a pleasure in sitting down, as opportunity offers, and looking to what the objector may have to say against us. But to the Pamphlets. The plan of preserving them in this way is excellent. And if our friends who are taking Periodicals would be careful in preserving the Nos. they would soon have quite a library. As an instance, we have now ten complete volumes of the Religious Inquirer, and we can refer back to them with nearly the same interest as when first received. We solicit attention to it. P.

#### HERALD OF FREEDOM.

We perceive by the Herald of Freedom of the 3d inst. that Br. L. F. W. ANDREWS has engaged to assist in the editorial department of that paper, and has transferred to it all interest in the “Gospel Witness,” proposed to be published by him at Hartford. His notice of it will be found in another column. The Herald is published at Bethel, Conn. at \$2 per annum, delivered by Post Riders. Mail subscribers, \$1 50 per annum, in advance. The second volume will commence on the 17th inst. under the title of “Herald of Freedom and Gospel Witness.” P.

#### NEW PERIODICAL.

We have received the first No. of a new paper devoted to a defence of God's impartial grace, under the title of “The Herald of Gospel Truth, and Watchman of Liberty,” published at Monroeville, Pa. and edited, as near as we can understand, by Brs. A. PECK and G. RODGERS. We have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with either of the brethren, but judging from the number before us we should think it would be an able advocate in the cause.

One remark in the introduction we do not like. Brethren may indulge honest feelings of distrust in the propriety and ultimate utility of so rapid an increase of Periodicals, without entertaining “feelings of opposition,” as we should naturally understand that term, or using “exertions” to circumscribe the “patronage,” or excite distrust in those who may be entering the field. We, probably, should come as fully under the charge as

any one, and we know that we have ever indulged none other than feelings of friendship and good wishes for final success to them, one and all. We should rejoice to see every important town with its Herald of Truth, if they could be supported. But here is the question, and surely we may be allowed to differ in opinion on it, without its following of necessity, that we indulge feelings of animosity towards new undertakings. We are Universalists, and joy in the progress of its doctrines by any and every honorable and proper means. The following is the remark alluded to. If such apprehensions are really indulged, we can only say, for one, we regret their existence, and should be sorry to learn there was just cause for them, from any quarter.

"From the remarks which we have seen and heard, we shall not only have the expected opposition of conscientious opponents to meet; (which indeed we do not dread;) and the contempt and slander of the infuriated fanatic; but in addition to these, the discountenancing and discouraging exertions of some of our professed friends; an exertion to prevent the extension of our patronage, and excite the distrust of such of our friends as have already given us their names. Under this "trial of our faith and patience," we might shrink, but from considerations of public good."

The HERALD and WATCHMAN is published every other Wednesday, on a Demy sheet, quarto form, at \$1 per annum, in advance, or \$1 50 if not paid before the 7th No. P.

#### "WHAT DOES THIS MEAN."

The Herald of Freedom of the 3d inst. came to us with a "Card" marked for publication, signed by "L. F. W. Andrews," a Universalist preacher, announcing himself as the future editor of that print, with which he intended to unite the "Gospel Witness," a paper which he had designed to establish at Hartford. On Friday the Christian Messenger of the 6th inst. came to us with a notice that this same L. F. W. Andrews was "on his way South, with the view of spending the fall and winter season in Georgia and South Carolina," and that he would preach at Harrisburg, Penn. on the 3d Sunday of October. What does it mean?"

The above is from the last Norwalk Gazette. If our friend Benedict will just re-examine, he may possibly understand that, so far as our notice is concerned, there can be nothing very surprising about it. Br. Andrews was in this city, on his way to Augusta, Ga. at which place and vicinity he expected to spend from 4 to 6 months; and in his route he was to pass through Harrisburg; where an appointment was made for him to preach. He informed us while here, he had engaged to "assist" in managing the religious department of the Herald, under certain conditions. These conditions will be seen by reference to Br. A's Card. And we really did not discern any "mystery" about it, until we saw the Gazette. And we discover no great witchcraft in the business now, of his writing in the state of Georgia for the Herald, and forwarding his articles by mail. We should think there was some difference in the expression that he had engaged to "assist for a time in the editorial management," and that of "announcing himself as the future editor of that print, with which he intended to unite the 'Gospel Witness.'" How appears the case to thee, on a second examination, friend Benedict? By the way, we are surprised that he observed the notice at all, if what we hear is true, of his manner of disposing of our paper. P.

#### MINUTES

Of the Philadelphia Association of Universalists.

The Philadelphia Association convened at the house of Br. Johnes, Hightstown, N. J. on Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1832, and organized the

Council by appointing SAMUEL C. JOHNES, Layman, Moderator, and SHALER J. HILLYER, Clerk.

1. The minutes of the last session were read.

2. The Standing Clerk stated at length, the reasons which induced him to assume the responsibility of altering the place of meeting from Princeton, N. J. to Hightstown. Whereupon it was unanimously

Resolved, That said reasons are entirely satisfactory to the Council, and that the doings of the Standing Clerk in this matter be approved.

3. Brs. Myers, Thomas, and Z. Fuller were appointed the Committee of Discipline for the ensuing year.

4. Br. Thomas was continued as Standing Clerk.

5. Br. Jacob Myers was appointed to deliver the annual discourse at the next session of this association.

6. Voted, That Br. Thomas be requested to furnish for publication a copy of the annual discourse delivered by him at this session.

7. Voted, That when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet at Allentown, Lehigh Co. Pa. on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in October, 1833.

8. Voted, That Br. Thomas be requested to prepare the minutes for publication, and accompany the same with a Circular Letter. Adjourned.

SAMUEL C. JOHNES, Moderator.

SHALER J. HILLYER, Clerk.

#### ORDER OF PUBLIC SERVICES.

##### WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Prayer by Br. S. J. Hillyer.

Sermon by Br. A. C. Thomas, Psalm lxxviii, 41.

##### AFTERNOON.

Prayer by Br. L. F. W. Andrews.

Sermon by Br. A. C. Thomas, John xviii, 38.

##### EVENING.

Prayer by Br. A. C. Thomas.

Sermon by Br. L. F. W. Andrews, Mark xvi, 15, 16.

##### THURSDAY MORNING.

Prayer by Br. L. F. W. Andrews.

1st Sermon by Br. S. J. Hillyer, 1 Thess. v, 21.

2d Sermon, by Br. L. F. W. Andrews, Job xxxix, 13, 17.

##### AFTERNOON.

Prayer by Br. A. C. Thomas.

Sermon by Br. S. J. Hillyer, Isa. xlv, 21.

Annual Sermon by Br. A. C. Thomas, Zech. iv, 6.

##### EVENING.

Prayer by Br. S. J. Hillyer.

Sermon by Br. A. C. Thomas, Isa. liii, 6.

#### CIRCULAR.

To all believers in the Gospel of Christ, the Philadelphia Association of Universalists sendeth the Christian salutation:

Dearly Beloved in the Lord:—Blessed with unity and love, we enjoyed much pleasure in our recent session. Though the ministering brethren were fewer in number than we desired and expected, we were strong in faith, giving glory to God. The friends of the cause of truth in this neighborhood received us with all the ardent affection Universalism is so naturally calculated to inspire. They are steadfast in the hope of the Gospel, and zealous in its propagation and defence. Our meetings for religious worship were as well attended as we had reason to expect, and devout attention was given to the "good tidings." The rapid spread of the news of salvation is truly encouraging. Partialism is falling before the might of the word of truth as Dagon fell before the ark of the Lord. Many are coming out of the prison house of darkness into the marvellous light. Multitudes are inquiring for the "old path," seeking rest for their souls. A benighted world is pleading for the day spring from on high. There is cause for gratitude, and for untiring exertions to advance the prosperity of Zion. Let us remember that

it is good to be zealously affected in a good thing, and while the advocates of Partialism manifest so much zeal in a bad thing, we are called on, not only to hold fast that which is good, but zealously to proclaim and defend it. Above all, let us walk in the light. Ever attentive to the "still small voice" of love, let us carefully preserve the unity of the Spirit, and diligently carry into practice the principles of the doctrine we profess. Thus will prejudice be destroyed, our own happiness increased, and the truth glorified in the name of the Lord. Per order,

ABEL C. THOMAS.

#### CAYUGA ASSOCIATION.

The Cayuga Association met at Elbridge, N. Y. Sept. 5, 1832. Br. S. Miles, Moderator, and Brs. J. Chase and G. Messenger, Clerks. Received the Second Universalist Society in Virgil, the First Universalist Society in Groton, and the Hartford Universalist Society into fellowship. Granted a Letter of Fellowship to Br. Hiram Green, of Virgil, N. Y.; appointed Brs. S. Miles and G. Sanderson, Ministers, and Brs. Alfred Avery, of Genoa, and Chester Clark, of Skeneateles, Laymen, delegates to the New-York State Convention. Voted to hold three quarterly conferences within the bounds of the Association, the coming year, as may hereafter be noticed. A vote was again passed, recommending the Clinton Liberal Institute to public favor. Six Discourses were delivered by the following brethren: L. L. Sadler, N. Doolittle, W. I. Reese, G. Messenger, John Freeman, D. Skinner. Seventeen ministering brethren were present. Adjourned to meet at Genoa, on the last Wednesday and Thursday in September, 1833.

The Northern Association met at St. Albans, Vt. on Wednesday and Thursday, 3d and 4th inst.

\* \* Our respected brother S. R. S. of Stamford, may be assured that his suggestions are ever welcome. We do not regard them "obtrusive." We have been inclined to think ourselves, some measure of the kind, to which he alludes, might be adopted with advantage. Still there is such a general objection (which by the way we think falsely grounded,) that it probably would not be listened to. We have not had time to reflect sufficiently upon it, or to consult with friends. Possibly we may call attention to it hereafter.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. J. M. Austin, of Troy, N. Y. will preach in Long Ridge, Conn. on the second Sunday of October, and in Somers, N. Y. on the third Sunday in October.

Br. Wm. Whittaker, senior, will preach at Danbury Sunday the 14th, and at Newtown, Sunday the 21st.

Br. L. F. W. Andrews appoints to preach in Harrisburgh, Pa. on the 3d Sunday of October. The brethren in that place will please make the necessary arrangements and give due notice of the appointment.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach at Brooklyn, Sunday the 21st; at Singing, Thursday evening the 25th; at Cairo, Sunday 28th; at Peekskill, Monday evening the 29th; at Newark, Sunday the 4th of Nov.; at Stamford, Friday evening the 9th Nov.; at Long Ridge, Sunday the 11th Nov.; at Bedford, Monday evening the 12th Nov.; at Whiteplains, Tuesday evening the 13th.

#### LETTERS AND REMITTANCES

Received at this office, ending October 10th.

C. H. Yorkville, 50 cents; D. H. Waterbury, minus postage \$1 75; M. T. and J. C. Hightstown, each \$2; L. D. Litchfield, Pa. \$1; J. P. E. Louisville, Ga.; L. W. Shandakin; S. R. S. Stamford; P. M. Pendleton; H. P. Amenia, \$2; P. M. Avon; M. B. and O. C. S. Weston, each \$2.

## THE CUP.

There is a Cup of life:

The little prints that stud the threshold o'er,  
Are of the feet of such as came to drink,  
Fresh in their natal hour—whose infant lips  
Eschewed the taste, and perish'd on the brink!

There is a Cup of bliss:

It mantles bright, and sends its foam aloft  
And calls for flowers to twine its sparkling brim;  
The young, gay, beauteous, happy, dance around,  
Nor ken the shapes that 'neath its surface swim.

There is a Cup of wealth:

With worthless tinsel deck'd. Th' ignoble crowd  
That cringe about the glittering fallacy,  
Ne'er rise so high as taste the current proud,  
Yet pine to share its splendid misery!

Of poverty—a Cup:

And the pale rank grass weaves its hatred sward  
For earth's best souls, thick o'er the sickly brow;  
'Tis genius' birth gift—humble Worth's reward  
For them that 'midst its turbid waters flow.

Glory hath too, her Cup:

She lifts it to the skies—and onward rush  
Contending throngs, o'er mountain, vale and flood!  
She views their flashing hosts each other crush,  
Bids them to dust, then fills it with their blood!

There is a Cup of tears:

With osiers bound, and planted on the grave;  
Thither the 'rest—the desolate repair—  
With duteous drops its pearly front to lave,  
And swell the crystal store that glistens there!

For still, round Sorrow's Cup,

'Tis meet the faint and weary should convene,  
To cast the cypress on its waters clear—  
Descant on hopes that tripp'd life's fairy green,  
And the stern hour that first enforced a tear.

Oh Memory! thy Cup!

Thy bruis'd, yet precious cup, lonesome I sing!  
Would I knew not to dwell on thy bright beams,  
On eyes in dust—smiles fled on misery's wing,  
And lips in clay, that talk with all my dreams!

Well—there's a Cup of Death,

"And who so artful as to put it by?"  
Its mystic edge once kiss'd, we dream no more,  
But wake to day that knows no sunset's sky,  
And beach our prow on unimagin'd shore!

## THE LETTER.—A SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM PIATT.

There is not perhaps, one other thing in this world which possesses more charms than a Letter from those we love—but when that letter brings with it the ideas of sorrow and distress—when it touches our hearts with sadness in recounting a tale of anguish or grief, how fondly, and yet how sadly, we peruse it—we read it over and over again and in the end we wonder why we are not satisfied in pondering over a relation of things which are woful to the heart, and which, as if there were magic around those things, drawing us within their spell, we are unable to cease pondering over, until we soothe ourselves, strange as it may appear, in the very sadness which makes us sad. A Letter!—how many fond things does it often bring to our memory! How many fond hopes—which age—which chance—or which fatality have blighted! Could we see, at one view, all the thoughts which letters have conveyed—what a world of joy, of grief, of love, and of misery, should we behold! But away with episode. I have a simple tale to tell; but unlike those gloomy reflections of the mind which shadow the heart and make the memory 'one scene of rude commotion,' it has little of sadness in it, perhaps much of joy. Henry Wildson was sitting by his fireside gloomy as the shades of night. He had early been married to an amiable and beautiful girl. He loved her—but he also loved the follies of life. He had wooed her in her innocence and

he had married her in all her loveliness. He had enjoyed a patrimony sufficiently great to have made his own years, and the years of those around him, happy. But how wild are the delusions of life. He forgot that 'riches take wings'—and failed to clip the pinions of his own wealth—till folly had led him away and he sat, as I said before at his fireside, gloomy as the shades of night, expecting, each moment, that instrument of Law to be served, which should alienate him from his homestead forever. Alas, thought he, and what is to become of those that I love?—my wife—and my little ones!—'Beggared, beggared, and forsaken!'—he uttered aloud. His wife seized upon the words, and although she had long foreseen the calamity which awaited them, she strove by the kindest and most endearing fondness, to drive from the brows of him she only loved, the sadness which brooded over them.—'Why beggared?' said she, 'God tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb—and why should we doubt of his mercy?—We have yet left our health—why should we disturb our peace of mind—folly, my dear Henry, will bring its own punishment and if we suffer for ours, perhaps—perhaps,' she faltered and burst into tears as she uttered—'perhaps we deserve it!—'We deserve it—my dear Helen—We deserve it,' he repeated with emphasis.—'Alas! the fault is not yours but mine. It is I who have squandered our wealth—It is I, and I only, who have brought beggary and sorrow upon your heart; and poverty, with its concomitant evils, upon our offspring. Oh that we had never met, or that I had been blest with more prudence!' 'Let us not repine—let us await the issue of our sorrows—we commit but more folly by anticipating them,' calmly replied his wife, as she recovered her firmness, and her little ones with unwistful earnestness, gathered around with their father and mother as if wishing to know why those they loved should seem sad.

A Raphael might have pictured this scene, my pen cannot, as a rap was heard at the door—and each of the fond parents clasped their little ones to their bosoms, and anxiously pressed them to their hearts, as if for the last time in their own domicile, while the fearful and terrific, though always hospitable words 'Come in' seemed as if it were in vain for either to utter. At length they were uttered—but as the latch raised, each countenance gloomily 'looked toward the door—as if anticipating the approaching Sheriff. He did indeed approach: but there was a smile on his countenance, ill contrasted with the supposed object of his visit, and that smile struck to the heart of Henry like an electric shock.—'Can it be sir,' said he, 'that you would mock our misery?—oh world, how cursed is he who suffers—man preys on man, more savage than the tiger—it would seem that his disposition was only prone to torture'—'I can only good naturedly reply to your fears by asking you to read this letter,' said the Sheriff. With doubt and trembling Henry broke the seal, and read as follows:—

'My dear children, I have seen your folly—and was ever proud to see that even your faults leaned to the side of virtue. I have been convinced that you require only to be placed in that situation, in which you were when those follies commenced, and that experience will teach you wisdom enough to avoid them hereafter. I have liquidated the claims on your estate—Henceforth it is your own—Learn to preserve it. I shall be with you in a day or two—your Uncle.'

Was there ever joy?—\* \* \*

There was a smile beamed upon the countenance of Wildson and his bride—there was a something indescribably singular, if not solemn, dwelt upon that smile—and they gazed at each other with a kind of vacant, but all meaning stare of delight. At length the spell was broken asunder and Helen, throwing herself into the arms of her husband, gave vent to a flood of joy-

ous tears. 'We shall be happy—we shall yet be happy'—she exclaimed as she clung upon his neck. 'And if we do not profit by the experience we have had,' replied Wildson, 'we shall be the more miserable'—The officer stood by—but he felt all that man could feel—and his eyes were not without exhibiting a sign of the emotion he felt. The story however is soon told—Henry did profit by the experience he had had, and the joyous group that assembles around his gay fireside adds a new proof to the glad potency of A LETTER.—*Rural Repository.*

*Prospectus for the Second Volume of the*  
**CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,**  
*Devoted to the Doctrine of Universal Benevolence, the defence of Liberal Principles, generally, in Religion, and miscellaneous reading, of chaste and moral tendency.*

The first Vol. of this work will close on the last Saturday in Oct. next. Impresing proposals for the 2d Vol. few observations will be necessary in explanation of its objects, and those few cannot, perhaps, be better expressed than in the language of the prospectus for the first volume. "Its primary design is to 'plead the cause' of a slandered and persecuted denomination of Christians, (the Universalists)—to illustrate and enforce their principles, and defend firmly, though as far as possible, with christian candor, their doctrine from the opprobrium which even professing christians endeavor, too readily, to fasten upon it; and in thus defending its own, it will advocate the civil and religious rights of all. Professing a sentiment which recognizes the Almighty as our common Father, and mankind as brethren indeed, it can know no exclusive privileges. Whatever it may ask for itself, it asks for ALL."

From experience thus far in the first Volume, the Publisher is inclined to believe that with reasonable exertion on the part of friends an abundant support may be obtained for the Paper—that even from the city alone, a very respectable patronage may be derived. The importance of sustaining the Paper here, to the cause in which it is engaged, need not be urged, either to friends in the city or country, and the publisher appeals to them, without hesitation, for their support and interest in its behalf—for their active co-operation in extending its circulation, by communicating with those of their friends on the subject, who are known to be friendly. He particularly requests those inclined to patronize the *Second Volume*, to signify their intentions as early as possible. It is important he should know his probable reliance for support, a reasonable time before the close of the first Volume. Persons unacquainted with the Paper can be accommodated with back numbers, for examination, on application at the Office 85 1-2 Bowery.

TERMS.—The Messenger will be published every Saturday, on a royal sheet, quarto form, close print, at *Two Dollars* per annum, in advance, or *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* if not paid within six months from time of subscribing. Letters to be addressed, post paid, "P. Price, 85 1-2 Bowery, New-York."

P. PRICE, PUBLISHER.

## IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

We have just printed and now have for sale at this office, in small pamphlet form, an extensive edition of the "Important Questions with Scripture Answers," which were inserted in our 37th No. These Questions are deemed "important" indeed, and are now put in very cheap form to facilitate their distribution. They will be furnished at 50 cents per hundred.

All letters and communications relating to this paper, must be addressed "P. Price, No. 85 1-2 Bowery, New-York."

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